

BLUE GRASS BLADE

IMMORTAL LIFE

Is It Worth Living a Question that Depends in a Large Measure Upon Whose Life It Is

Unless There Is Physical Pleasure and Pain There Would Be Little in a Life of Monotony to Keep One in a Contented Frame of Mind.—Such Is the Idea of Otto Weissstein, who Believes that a Spiritual Body Would Not Be Satisfactory to the Average Mortal.

The question, "Is Life Worth Living?" may be answered both in the affirmative and the negative, because some lives, no doubt most certainly are worth living, while many others are not. The life of a Goethe, a Humboldt, an Ingersoll, and many others—alike favored children of fortune—were, and are indeed, worth living. But, alas! the lives of millions of others are a wretched failure and not worth living, because their proportion of happiness will hardly compensate them for the degree of suffering and pain endured during a lifetime.

So the far more important question, "Is Immortal Life Worth Living?" can not be rashly answered by jumping at the conclusion that such eternal life is one of continual bliss and ecstasy; that we must first of all consider whether such eternal condition of sameness is possible. No one insists that human life, favored by birth with a model physique, continued health, superior mental caliber, sympathetic impulses, wealth, opportunity, education, and genius, all insuring a career of unalloyed happiness, is not worth living, and none but a lunatic would renounce a desire to live in such Utopian bliss during all eternity. But as individual preferences have very little to do with our earthly career, so it matters but little what may be our yearning for infinite bliss in the future toward establishing such conditions. The philosopher and brave man will confine his belief and expectations within the limits of the reasonable and probable.

How many sickly and wretched specimens of men and women are born into the world who all long for the model forms of an Apollo or a Venus? How many are compelled with lofty visions are compelled to waste their lives in the struggle for subsistence? How many who are poor desire wealth? How many growing gray and wrinkled would cheerfully give half or all their possessions to ward off the ravages of time, age and approaching decay? But what matters all these intense feelings, these anxious yearnings of all mankind? Are not generally these hopes blasted, these fond illusions shattered, these yearnings unheeded and the prayers unanswered by "God," fate or nature? Men remain poor, women grow old, genius goes begging, hair turns gray, and old age creeps on in spite of our yearnings to the contrary.

Hopes of a Future Life.

Thus the universal desire for eternal bliss, for "heaven," for an "evergreen shore," etc., is not of the least consequence in establishing such hoped-for conditions or localities as facts. As the yearning for terrestrial joys is no factor in producing them, so an intense yearning for celestial eternal happiness does not necessarily culminate in a "heaven." Desires and wishes count in the least change the inevitable order of the universe, or cause the mindless inorganic forces of nature to hear a prayer to perform a miracle for the special benefit of such a small and insignificant creature as man. The seasons will change just the same though man may long for a shore evergreen. Youth will be followed by old age, though sad to contemplate, and death will ever be the inevitable sequence of all life, though countless millions, swayed by sentiment, complacently believe in a miraculous existence of eternal life.

By insisting for the sake of argument the possibility of a "spirit" or dual man surviving the death of physical man, reaching the Utopian shores, or "heaven," and henceforth living forever, the serious question then arises: "Is such a life—not continuous optional life, but absolute eternal life, regardless of conditions or individual preferences—desirable?" We can answer this question only as we have answered the same concerning the physical. If this (imaginary) eternal life is indeed eternal one of continuous and unalloyed bliss it will, indeed, be worth living.

Concerning this, we can reason only from analogy and judge only from what we know. The first fact, then, which grimly stares us in the face is the fact that conditions, relations, events, circumstances, etc., which now in large measure tend to our happiness and make life worth living, will positively be absent and denied us during our eternal existence, minus our physical body. This would include all the pleasures dependent upon the physical body, such as eating, drinking, love, marriage, etc.

"There is no marriage in heaven." This self-evident fact spiritualists must concede, whether they regard the Bible as authoritative or not, and this establishes the fact that individual existence during countless millions of ages without love, without marriage, without children, without the kindly companionship of those without the usual three meals a day, will be, to say the least, extremely monotonous. But some will insist that all these conditions will exist in "spirit life" precisely as in this life. But such belief is in miracles, and this bars all discussion, in the realms of miracle all being possible. But to show that these things are impossible in the due order of nature, and that such an eternal life, established by science and reason—is this the object of this letter.

Love Alone Worth Living For.

I insist, then, that love, carnal love—the vital current which underlies and sways all human life, which perpetuates the race, and is the talisman all worship, and which alone makes life possible and worth living—is absolutely impossible without the physical body. Marriage, conception and rearing of children and everything pertaining to a happy home is equally impossible. Human life is purely a physical cause—an animal process—and in the absence of such physical process life cannot originate. Hence in the absence of the physical body, which at death is consigned to disintegration, life cannot originate. This proves beyond a shadow of a doubt, then, that during all eternity, in the "Sweet Bye and Bye," fatherhood, motherhood, and all it implies, rearing of children, the charm and pleasure they are to us daily as they learn, acquire language, change from infancy to childhood, to manhood and womanhood, their love, caresses and affection; their happy meetings three times daily

at mealtime; the goodnight kiss, the happy greeting, the charming home life, something and some one to live for, all this, in the absence of the physical body, will positively be denied us forever.

But worse! It is insisted that our experiences during earth life will continue during all time to come. Think of the agony in store for us poor mortals, existing during all eternity with a clear conception of all the pleasures enjoyed during earth life, but, alas! forever denied us in the future. Not much "unalloyed happiness" in such a prospect!

But I included love between man and woman as being absent in spirit life. This will be indignantly spurned by all immortalists, who will insist that love, indeed, is not based upon the carnal, and that a higher, purer platonic love will fully compensate and satisfy all spirits during eternity. It is as I said, the duty of the philosopher to analyze final causes regardless of consequences and in so doing sentimental notions and pet theories are exploded he will still revel in the bliss of having discovered final truths.

There is only one phase of love, true love—the only sentiment sacred and holy in nature—and that is the love between the youth and the maiden and between the matured man and woman. And that highest and loftiest sentiment of humanity is based solely and purely upon the passions and sexes, and does not exist without them. When a shy and noble youth, just maturing into manhood, meets the innocent and modest maiden of fifteen summers and an unexpressed longing and feeling of bliss overcomes them, and attracts them both, even years before a thought or knowledge of sex affairs dawns upon them; when both are as pure as the new-fallen snow, and a lascivious thought has never marred their brain, yet the sole basis of this charm, of this awakening of love is sex. Says Schiller:

Oh, tender longing, sweetest hope,
The time of love's first kiss;
The eye beholds the heavens open—
The heart, too, reveleth in bliss.
Oh, would it could forever be
But clad in spring's eternal green.

And when this love finally culminates in blissful possession and embrace, and ultimately in happy fatherhood and happy motherhood, who that has experienced and reveled in the ecstasies of this inter-communion between "soul and soul," and has once called one pure and beautiful woman all his own, can possibly desire to live during all eternity longing and yearning for a continuation of this earthly bliss, but alas! then—damned to eternal isolation and abstinence.

Would Stay Dead Forever.

As for my choice, give me capacity to enjoy life in the highest degree—give me my physical body and those of my loved ones—or when I die, let me stay dead forever! "Spirit bodies" are "too thin!" But still certain sentimental minds will insist that a higher and purer love may exist among mortals as well as among immortals than that based upon the sexes. I deny it. The paternal instinct in its highest manifestation, true, is a species of love

which may become intense and sacred. So may friendship between men and men, women and women, even in exceptional cases between man and woman, ripen into a degree of love not based upon the passions. But all these are like dross to gold, like a child's box of water colors to the rainbow, or like a negro melody to a Beethoven sonata. True, sacred, holy, intense love implies possession—ownership of "body and soul." Could we love a woman, knowing we would never, but another would possess her? Could we intensely, truly, fully love a woman during the day, knowing she intensely loved another at night?

Next to the ecstasy of the love passion, based purely upon the physical, and absolutely impossible without it, come the pleasure of the gratification of our appetite when hungry, also a purely physical process! and which extreme pleasures, now enjoyed many times daily by average humanity, will also positively be denied us in "heaven," where, of course, soups, roasts, boiled vegetables, mince pies, wine, cigars, and like luxuries are entirely unknown. Again, alas! for surviving epicures—nothing but the remembrance of all these good things remaining forever. How a full-fed gourmand can be happy under such unfortunate circumstances even in "heaven" is beyond my comprehension.

Deprived of these principal treasures, which in large measure tend to make life worth living (and it will hardly be claimed that a man's stomach follows him in spirit life), what in the name of reason remains to make immortal life worth living?

"Change is the spice of life," so it cannot be insisted that purely intellectual enjoyments are conducive to man's continued and eternal happiness. And the existence of spiritual books, spiritual art, etc., is also a vague, uncertain, and meaningless that until "spirits" or "mediums" make clear what "spirits," "spirits," books, books and hares are common, and where "spirit" realms are located, sensible men and women must conclude that immortal life is indeed not worth living.

WILL THE AMERICAN MAN PUT WOMAN ON A PAULINE BASIS?

(By Minnie Paul.)

Alexander Harvey, one of the editors of Current Literature, says the American man is doomed to destruction because it is not on a Pauline basis. American business, on the contrary, is prospering because it is on strictly a Pauline program. He says the American home has departed from the doctrine of love down to the 5th chapter of his epistle to the Ephesians: "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as to the Lord."

The lordly Alexander says this is the only foundation of a successful home. American business he says, is conducted on a Pauline basis because wherever you find women in offices, shops and factories, they are under the dominion of man.

Mr. Harvey shows his lack of knowledge of social conditions when he says: "Man is morally responsible for the woman. Man is stronger morally than woman. It is possible for man to reform a woman, but not for a woman to reform a man." Ugh! How a man has relieved him when he vomited up these large ones! If he should see an army coming toward him, composed of the women who are not and never have been on a Pauline basis—the women who have reformed men, the women who by their strong moral natures have for centuries been making this world better and more beautiful, and saving men from the gutter, he would not make judgment day at hand and would, no doubt, think that the Lord was sending his most beautiful and charming female angels to meet Alexander and bear him home to the throne of grace. Harvey must have been very unfortunate in his selection of his friends and in his visits to American homes. I know of many, many happy homes in America, and they are homes that

(Continued on Page 4.)

RELIGIOUS TRAINING

AND ITS PECULIARITIES

As Seen By the Light of the Recent Appearance of Halley's Comet

(By E. D. Nauman.)

In a recent issue of the Burlington Hawkeye appears an article, evidently an editorial, entitled "Foolish Fears."

In this article the editor bewails the fact that so many people went totally silly with fear over the recent appearance of Halley's comet, and asks:

"Why boast of our civilization, our schools and modern progress, if intelligent and well educated people in the United States are going to line up with the negroes of Jamaica**** in a mortal dread of an astronomical event which is only a repetition of similar events?" etc.

Yes, indeed, how foolish! But there is a reason. Quoting further, he says:

"Suns and stars and planets and moons**** are all parts of the great universe, each in its own appointed course, and following out the destiny ordained for it by the Creator of all things."

The results of modern thought and investigation, as the same apply to Evolution, surely have not penetrated into this man's den. He talks of "modern civilization and progress," entirely oblivious of the fact that the generation to which he belongs has been dead a century or more. What in the name of common sense does he know anyway about the "destiny ordained" for anything by a Creator, or about a creator either? Methinks he is just preaching and must be taken accordingly.

Now let us see whether we can not find a very plain and palpable reason or cause for these "foolish fears" of his so-called "intelligent and well educated people." To begin with, whether white or black, they were nearly all of them devout and pious Christian people. They had been taught in Sunday School that not only does God take care of the little helpless birds, but that the very hairs on their heads are all numbered. They have taught a thousand silly "Sunday School stories," the burden of all of which was that God is ever present and directing every occurrence, whether great or small. They are also taught to pray, to put their trust in God, and that having faith, their trust will not be misplaced and their prayers will be answered. The Bible, as well as nearly every prayer or sermon they hear from the pulpit in after life, continue to impress these thoughts on their minds.

Then they look out upon the great world and what do they behold? Pompeii and Herculaneum, Martineque, Charleston, San Francisco, Galveston, Messina, etc., ad infinitum; earthquakes, tidal waves, cyclones, tornadoes, flood and fire; hundreds of thousands of people, good, bad and indifferent, maimed, tortured and destroyed in the most ruthless manner, receiving exactly the same consideration that the rats do, no more, no less.

And these devout and pious people, who have taken their Sunday School lessons seriously, whether they acknowledge it to themselves or not, at once get that chilly feeling which whispers to them: "God is a fiend and is liable to take a shot at you next. No wonder they have 'foolish fears.'"

Quoting from the Hawkeye article further, we read: "God is not busing himself destroying his own handwork." Well now, that is certainly interesting in

formation, if true. But since when has he quit? It is only a few weeks ago that an earthquake destroyed some 1,500 or 2,000 people, a million dollars' worth of property, and tore down the very mountains, in our neighboring country of Mexico.

After a lot of fol-de-rol about "the Great Dispatcher of worlds making no mistakes" and "the heavens declaring the glory of God," and some more quotations from the Bible that have about as much bearing on the subject as the vapors of Billy Sunday have on the scientific discoveries of Thos. A. Edison, he goes on with the following:

"The wonder is that any Christian believer could, for the moment, lose faith in the power, the wisdom and the benign purposes of God, by whose word were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth."

The wonder is, however, nothing of that kind, but on the contrary, it is a wonder that there are even a few "Christian believers" who are not "scared to death" all the time, for as we have just seen, are not people being destroyed every day by the very forces which, as they are taught, are directly under the control of God, and not as Rationalists know, subject to great natural laws, not in any sense depending upon the whims of any being, divine or otherwise?

No, it is not our religious belief that made us feel secure and caused us to regard the comet as complacently as we would the moon, but it was our confidence in the knowledge and assurances of our best scientists and astronomers, who told us that the comet would not come closer than 15,000,000 miles of the earth.

Every one knows, or should know, that they compute the occurrences of eclipses and transits for us almost to the minute years in advance. They have calculated the orbit of this comet, and told us seventy-five years in advance within a few days, just when this vagrant would be nearest the sun.

These are the things which made intelligent people feel safe and caused them to regard this celestial wanderer with much the same interest that they might manifest in an eclipse of the sun or any other interesting, but perfectly natural phenomenon. On the other hand ignorant and superstitious people and also some whose piety and religion were mistaken for education and intelligence, not being able to judge of the comparative value of evidence, would get their ideas of earthquakes, cyclones and their cause, and what was to them the possibly direful effect of the Comet confused and they proceeded to tremble and chatter their teeth accordingly.

In conclusion I will say, the distinguished editor of the Hawkeye has things exactly wrongside up. He should pinch himself to see that he is awake, take a soak in some convenient horse trough, and then think twice before writing on a subject about which he evidently knew little or nothing.

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W. H. KERR,

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The Blade urges upon its readers to contribute articles for its columns. The poet has said "Full many a gem of purest air serene the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear," and the same is true of your mind. Especially we request articles from our younger readers. You may not be a Kildare, a Wilson, a Foote, a Ladd, or a Westwain. Yet a poet, a philosopher, a wit, or a humorist, you may be. But you certainly can say something that will be of interest to your fellow-workers. These great men had their beginnings. Let us tell the readers of the Blade what you are doing and what you are thinking.

Don't take the muzzle off of Roman Catholicism. It is powerless to bite as it once did, and its bark has lost its terror. The pope is bottled up in the Vatican and dares not walk on the streets of Rome—his holy city. Romanism is cruel and tyrannical according to its power. It wags its tail in the United States, but shows its teeth in Spain. It is a coward when in the minority, but a bully when in a majority. The last thing that man should do to Romanism is to trust it.—Truth Seeker.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

Editor Globe Democrat:
I notice in your June 21st weekly extracts from a sermon by Rev. Wm. Smith under the heading: "Would Snub Divorces," that the preacher held that marriage was a sacred and not a civil contract and advocated laws that would make divorces more difficult to obtain. Now whether marriage be a sacred or simply a civil contract it appears to me that when a divorce is petitioned for and when justice or satisfaction can be done to both of the contracting parties, that petition must be granted; that while others may be indirectly interested in the outcome that their interest cannot be of such a nature as to demand a day in court for them. If marriage be a sacred institution it means that there are three parties in place of two to the contract, viz: The husband, the wife, and their god or gods; and if the latter are silent in court the judge can do nothing but pass them in default. Let the

mat, and his wife settle the matter with their gods. Our courts jurisdiction is confined to this earth. We have no union of church and state.

We have no objection to the preacher's use of moral suasion to lessen the frequency of divorces, and his talk is commendable along that line.

Probably the increase of divorces has been to a great extent brought about by the recent sentiment of independence among women. Statistics show there are now more petitions of wives than of husbands asking for divorce. The divorce evil is before the world and can be seen by all, but it takes the place of a worse evil suffered by women in silence and out of sight of the world wherein woman was kept in subjection to her husband. His tyranny was interpreted to be his right. He was even justified in thrashing his wife and she would submit without a whimper as a beast before its driver. We should be careful in going to the past, to more savage days, for notices of our moral precepts. I notice the preacher advocates the Blue Laws; says the law was good that imprisoned parties for not living with their husband or wife. The preacher then says the wife is bad and should be imprisoned for not living with her brutal husband. The husband says she is bad for the same reason, and so he kills her. The only difference between them is in the nature of the punishment.

I protest against the preacher's misrepresenting Jesus. I speak for one who, being dead, is unable to speak for himself. He makes Jesus say one should put away his wife only for the cause of "indecency or immorality," while Jesus taught that one should do so only for "fornication" alone. (See Matt. 19:9). It is eminently proper when one counts precedent above every day experience that he represents that precedent with authority correctly. If correctly represented, the people can better judge of its worth elsewhere. If the word "fornication" elsewhere, as a result of figurative language, is given a broader meaning, that fact does not fix the natural meaning of the word. Words must not be given figurative meanings without the context impels it. The words "fornication" as used by Jesus as a cause for divorce, is in contrast with the phrase "every cause" as used by his critics. To make it mean "immorality in general" would allow his critics to answer "Then, after all, any one can get a divorce, for 'There is none that doeth good, no, not one.' "All have gone astray," etc.

Now, let us try to swap off personal liberty for morality, for in so doing we not only lose personal liberty, but morality itself, also goes down weeping into the same grave.

Now, I ask the Globe Democrat to publish this. Some have said confidently, we are too wise to ever go back to the dark ages of the times of our simple-minded ancestors, who thought that in order for us to be good, personal liberty had to be bound in chains. But what if the preachers are in favor of going back and the press is giving its sentiments to the world, let us refuse any adverse criticism there is no telling where we will land. A. A. SNOW.

Lincolnton, Iowa.

THE RELIGION THAT HASN'T A HELL ISN'T WORTH A DAMN.

This is an old Scotch saying, and no doubt originated back in good old Covenantant times, when the Scotch mind indulged hardly any other contemplation. It may have originated from some way of a lad, but certain it is that it has been a sober, serious doctrine, preached by the Christian clergy for centuries.

What would the Christian religion have been, or what would it be today, without its 'damns'? It is this "damn" which has made it all or all it ever will be. As men progress beyond fear of the Christian religion dies. Impotent childhood, adult ignorance and savage undevelopment are the "rendezvous" of this "damn." Burns well understood its application when he wrote to his young friend:

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip.
To hold the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor's grip,

Let that aye be your border," religion and its hell disappears. Take the "damn" away, and away goes the power of the few self-appointed heavenly mediators, who, booted and spurred at the expense of their ignorant victims, arrogantly assume the right of forever riding the backs of the whole of humanity. Religion to live must have its hell. It isn't worth a damn without it. It is the purpose of Freedom to annihilate the "hell" and the "damn" of Christianity; to take the cloud of fear from the brain of helpless childhood that it may develop its independent natural functions; that this pious threat of damnation shall cease to chain those who are ignorant by circumstances and misfortune, to beastly prejudices and cruel instincts, dangerous to the common weal; that Christianity shall be rendered powerless in setting itself up as a judge of infamy, and by its own will divide society into the lost and the saved.

The word "damn," which is so necessary to the existence of Christianity as a religion, is a harsh word to those very people who ostracize and hate the infidel, who would banish it and the horrors connected with it from the minds of men. Christians tacitly sustain the dogma of eternal damnation, yet shrink from the sound of the word "damn," or the sight of it in public print.

The clergy are forever declaring that God will damn nearly all of humanity, but are terribly shocked when they hear their own threat repeated by others. In times past mankind shuddered at the terrible pulpit threat, but their fears gradually subsiding, they have joined the words "God" and "damn" into a common by-word, and Christian's children are more given to its use than any one else.

As rude and irreverent as this word seems, it is one of the best evidences that Christians who use it most no longer fear the clerical threat of hell, and are growing indifferent to Christianity. The more the people damn, the more they encroach upon the prerogatives of the pope. What is profanity in one is no less profanity in the other. It is really less profanity on the part of the people, because they use it largely as a habit, expressive of indifference to the original threat; while the clergy use it as expressive of the most terrible inhuman and heartless condemnation. The people would never have thought of using this by-word if the preachers had never started it. The clergy should not look with horror upon an epithet used by a by-word, which reflects a dogma which they continually and most felicitously advocate.

Abraham Lincoln said he "didn't believe the Christian religion; that if the hell be true, that if men are to suffer everlasting and unspeakable anguish for the few mistakes of this short life, then it was to the mighty interest of every person to pray unceasingly, waste no minutes, night or day, to escape such awful consequences. That Christians themselves are so indifferent to such possible fate is the best evidence of its absurdity."

The hell of Christianity is decreasing in heat every day. It is only a question of time until the heat will all be shut off. Then Christianity won't be worth a damn, for it won't have a hell, and a religion without a hell is a moral contradiction. When hell goes, Christianity goes.

J. B. W.

A TRIP TO ROME

By DR. J. B. WILSON.
The International Congress of Free-thinkers was held in the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received an universal encomium from the press and people. In it religious dogmas and tales of priestly deceptions are ruthlessly exposed while the general style is without comparison in American literature of travel. Cloth bound, 360 pages, illustrated.

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HIS BUSY DAY.

My Uncle Jim's a truthful man,
But now and then he acts
Like many folks and shows he can
Be a little with the facts.
Although he is a friend of mine,
I feel a vague dismay
Whenever he hangs up the sign,
"This is my busy day."

When no one climbs the shaky stair
Up to the room so far,
When he sits in a tilted chair
A-smokin' a cigar,
He says: "It's time some one should be
A-stoppin' round this way,
So hang it up where it may see;
"This is my busy day."

And then a fishin' trip will claim
His time the whole day long,
Or, maybe at a baseball game
He'll lift his voice so strong.
When of sport he's had enough
He'll view the sign an' say:
"That notice isn't any bluff,
It was a busy day."

BY REQUEST.



Mrs. Powder—To tune my piano I didn't—
Tuner—I know it, madam. The people downstairs sent me up.

Fleeing Charms.
All eyes gazed to feast upon
A maid who's "out in beauty's mold."
But if a shrew when beauty's gone,
The man who wed her murmurs "Sold!"

"Nice People."
"Do nice people go to baseball games?" asks a reader of the New York Sun. We hope not. "Nice people" are the most tiresome people in the world and if they went to baseball games in any considerable numbers they would make the players so tired they wouldn't be able to put up a snappy game and the umpire would get so bored he wouldn't care whether he had his skull cracked with a baseball bat or not.

Something Strenuous.
"So the baby is named after Roosevelt?" interrogated the photographer. "Then, I suppose, it is no use trying to keep him quiet by showing him a bird?"
"No," laughed his proud pa, as he held the youngster on his knee; "you had better show him an octopus or a dig-dig."

Mistake Somewhere.
"Entered," remarked the fat man as he sat the most emphatic, "I always thought you were a friend of mine."
"Well," rejoined the butcher, "what reason have you for thinking other-wise now?"
"Because," explained the fat man, "you gave me a terrible roast yesterday."

FLATTERING HIMSELF.



Mrs. Screacher—There are very few really good men in the world.
Screacher—Yes; you were lucky to get one.

A Private Matter.

To kiss one's wife
Is a most sacred
But do not do
It on the street.

Runs in the Family.
Mr. Aggie to Mr. Stoutman, running for a car—Hallo, old boy! I thought you were a lazy lout like that.
Mr. Stoutman (laughingly)—Easily explained, my dear boy; laziness runs in our family.—Lippincott's.

A Difference.

Patience—What reason had she for marrying him?
Patrice—Why, he had money.
That is not a reason; that is an excuse.—Gateway Magazine.

On the Waiting List.
"Has he any claims to greatness?"
"Oh, yes; very extensive claims, but he is to be having trouble in getting them validated."

Coming.
Mrs. Marsh—Are you going to vote for Mr. Thompson?
Mrs. Mallow—No. They say the other man is much better looking.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

"My garden yard the finest is,
The biggest lot of roses.
The loveliest peonies and pinks,
The tenderest scented pansies,
The sweetest sweet peas blooming,
I'll bring a bouquet in, that you
May see I'm not assuming."

"Ah," says the next, "that may be so
You have lovely flowers,
But I'll defy a garden yet
That's fairer far than ours;
That has more blossoms of finer kind,
That gives a keener pleasure,
In the colors and its accents,
Is more a floral treasure."

No rancor is there in this quarrel
O'er odors sweet and beauty;
No feeling in the zest which prompts
A contest in the duty
As to which one the more shall fill
The earth with lovely sweetens,
And thus the charms of nature give
Our daily life more complements.

HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.



Sharp—I wonder if he thought twice before he married her?
Quick—it isn't likely. She was a widow.

Discouraging.
He tried to do right,
But every blamed time
He purchased some fruit
He got a plucked dim.

Early Habits.
"That last speaker," said the first guest at the banquet, "was quite on the mark."
"Yes," replied the other, "and he's a self-made man, too."
"I can't say, though, that I liked his delivery. It was rather slow."
"Oh! naturally. He began life as a messenger boy.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Passing It Along.
"I've lost all confidence in Blinks since he worked that old horse off on me," said Markleigh. "I'll never trust him again."
"What are you going to do with the animal?" asked his wife.
"Why—er—I expect a friend of mine over this afternoon to look at him," replied Markleigh.

His Fatal Error.
Said He—Miss Koriegh—Clara—I dream of you day and night. May I hope to claim you for my own?
Said She—Your hopes would be in vain.
Said He—You really mean that?
Said He—Certainly. The man I marry must be wide awake. No dreamers need apply.

Consoling Him.
"Why did you look so mad, young man?" asked the stern parent.
"I wanted to come under your daughter's window and sing: 'Roll On, Silver Moon,'" sighed the modern troubadour.

"Oh, don't let that worry you. Even if you don't come the moon will roll on."

SHREWD SCHEME TO GET MONEY.



Mrs. Cull—I am very careful about my cooking. The way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach.
Mrs. I. Nary—Yes; and the way to reach his pocketbook is through his heart.

In and Out.
Wigg—There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation.
Wage—Oh, yes. For instance, when a fellow loses his job he often finds himself in an embarrassing situation.

Everything Up.
"Why doesn't your publication devote more space to the increased cost of food?" demanded the irate editor.
"White paper is too high," explained the courteous editor.

Not Fit to Print.
"I suppose a man who plays on a trombone calls himself a trombonist?"
"I believe so. Other people call him many names."

POOR OLD MARRIED MAN.

It was a full moonlight night and the neighboring bells were chiming the hour of 2 a. m.
"Martha," called the young husband, who had been pacing the floor since midnight, "Martha, the baby is crying for the moon."

There was a slight twisting of quilts.

"Yum-yum, John," was the answer, and then more snoring.

Two hours elapsed and still John was pacing the floor.

"Martha," he called in desperation. There was a long silence.

"Martha, do wake up! I can't quiet the baby, he is still crying for the moon."

There was a series of yawns and then: "Well, John, for pity's sake, if he is crying for the moon why don't you give it to him and not keep me awake all night?"

At that she turned over for another nap.

He Got the Job.
"Say, do you need a boy?" queried the little fellow, as he stepped inside the door of the ice dealer's office.

"Ever been in the ice business?" queried the dealer.

"Know anything about arithmetic?"
"Not much."

"That would twenty pounds of ice amount to at 2 cents a pound?"
"Eighty cents."

"Good boy! Come around in the morning and go to work."

Idiot at the Breakfast Table.
"I hope you are satisfied with our table," Mr. Idiot, said the landlady.
"In the main, yes," replied the idiot. "But I really think I ought to register a complaint against yesterday's fish-balls, madam."
"Why, I'm sorry about that," said the landlady, blushing. "We rather pride ourselves on our fishballs. What was the matter with them, sir?"
"Mine had a distinctly fishy taste," returned the idiot.—Harper's Weekly.

PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE.



Jinks—Booster claims that he never breaks his word.
Winks—I guess that's right. It's too flexible.

Here's Another Purist.
This verbal diagnosis
I make for thee, O sinner;
Don't say "apothecary,"
But apothecia.

A Good Guess.
"Ha!" exclaimed the pianist, brightening up as he read the lines in the man's hand: "there is a lot of money."
"Some one's been telling you," said the victim.

"Telling me what?"
"That I'm a plumber!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Right Name.

It was Florida.

"Why do they call this Palm Beach, pa.," asked the unsophisticated youngster.

"Because there are so many itching palms following you around, my son," elucidated pa, as he passed out the thirty-seventh tip since his arrival.

A Mark of Importance.
"Our friend isn't making the air in statesmanship that we expected."
"No," said Senator Borghum, "he hasn't even made enough enemies to have the syllable 'sen' tacked to his name to provide a synonym for all human iniquity."

An Honest Confession.
"Do you think you can take a good photograph of me?" queried the woman who had not even received honorable mention at a beauty show.
"I'm sorry, madam," replied the picture producer, "but I shall have to answer you in the negative."

Great Mimic.
"After all," said Mr. Tragedy, solemnly, "death is the star tragedian." "I don't know," replied Louis Comedy. "I always think of him as a low comedian—a mere mimic—because he's always taking some one off."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Overhead Dangers.
Gunner—"These 'Danger Above' signs are met with quite frequently these days."

Guy—"Yes, one doesn't know whether a safe is about to fall on him or a disabled airplane is coming down."

One Better.
Clerk (twenty per)—Why, my boy, I give a whole week's wages for a suit of clothes.

Office Boy (three per)—That's nothing; I give a whole week's wages for a pair of shoes.—Puck.

NO NEED OF A DEVIL.

(Continued from Page 4.)
because of their manifestation of a desire to know something.

I don't know why god wanted them to remain ignorant unless he was fond of looking upon the naked forms of the man and his wife.

Adam and Eve did not die the very day they disobeyed and so this is the first recorded lie god is alleged to have told. Preachers and ministers try to explain that that day meant one thousand years. This is one correction I have to the bible. It takes millions of preachers continually to explain that the scriptures do not mean just what they say. Just why god made man at all is not perfectly clear to my mind. Was he obliged to create him? If so then the force of necessity was greater than god. He couldn't help himself. If he made him voluntarily on his own accord, then he is not responsible for his actions. If an inventor or manufacturer builds a piece of machinery and it is defective in any of its parts they are held responsible. So god made man voluntarily without man's consent, knowing when he made him that he was going to get into trouble. He knew just the course man would pursue. He knew man would be perfectly helpless, would be entirely dependent upon himself (god) for everything. No power to resist. He knew he was placing man in a snare when he gave him the garden of Eden for a dwelling place. He knew the serpent was there. He knew that a million souls would go to hell where one would be fortunate enough to escape. Then after the population of the earth began to increase and man began to be evil, just like he knew they would be, for creation, he knew the sorrow of his job and "repented that he had made man."

God made man voluntarily, subject to his own will, and made it possible for man to act in such a way as to incur god's displeasure and then make a hell to burn the majority.

Just think of the flood which the "merciful god" brought upon the people of his own creation. Just think of thousands of children and daughters and children and little infants in their inno- cency who were destroyed by the deluge!

We hear the preachers say that god is so good and merciful as to make man's salvation possible. I say that according to the scriptures he is ten thousand times worse than he is good for making it possible for ten thousand to be damned in hell to one saved. According to god's own book it is better not to have been born at all than to go to hell. Why did god cause the birth of a child when he knew it would go to hell? Don't he say it would have been better not to have been born? Don't god always do the best thing? Let us be honest. Does god have anything to do with who is and who is not born? Then we find god interfering the second time when man began to desire a more elevated being. Because they were begotten a high tower god became alarmed and he took a trip down town one day and inspected the building and decided that it wouldn't be long till man would be intruding upon the borders of heaven unless something was done to stop the work. So he confused their tongues. The workmen couldn't understand each other and so the work ceased. No doubt many a poor mortal died for lack of medical attention because the physicians could get no information. Thereupon god became the author of confusion. If heaven is such a glorious country, why could blame the people for trying to get there?

If it was possible for man to build right on into heaven why didn't god let them alone and save the necessity of having to sacrifice his "dear son" to save only a small minority of the most ignorant?

When the people began to increase so rapidly and different nations began to inhabit the earth god couldn't manage all of them and so he chose one in his infancy and trained it and brought it up to some extent to suit himself. He gave minute instructions in every detail, and threatened them with death or disinheritation upon a hair's breadth deviation. If a relative or bosom friend or wife suggested different mode of worship the thing to do was to kill them just as quickly as possible. Absolutely no compromise. After this

self-destruction in the strongest terms, and yet his "free will" was so influenced by conditions that acted upon it, he ended his life as his own hand.

Let us reflect again on the words of Carlyle: "It is not in man that walketh to direct his footsteps." What man knows with absolute certainty what he will do a week hence or a year hence? Who can write autobiography in advance, giving day and date of death, the cause, and the final resting place for his body? No one; for fate decides these things and fate reveals nothing before it occurs. If man shaped and controlled his own destiny, he would know in advance all these things and be able to live in accordance with his desires, also as long as desire lasted; whereas, men live from day to day as their environment (Israelites got strong enough to be of some consequence) God used them specially to obliterate and annihilate the other nations of the earth. God became such a terrible general, his fame for the butchery and shedding of innocent blood so universal that often he could arm his soldiers with nothing but old tin pans, buckets and horns and surround the opposing army an scare them to death.

There was no crime too dastard for his soldiers to do. The butchery and ripping up of pregnant women and the debauching of beautiful virgins were favorite amusements to the hosts of Jehovah's army.

Those of our readers who doubt this may see for themselves by reading the first few books of the bible. God tells us to "love" our enemies but he sets the example of slaughter. He says "as he is, so are we in this world."

He hardens peoples hearts and destroys them for the hardness of their hearts. He deceives the prophets when they are deceived. He creates evil. There is no evil thing done that he has not done it. All this is according to the scripture. The devil is absolutely not in it at all. Every assertion we have made is substantiated by the bible. We are not responsible for the scriptures being so bad.

After passing over the cases of the unspeakable crimes of Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon and all the best of the "remnant" seed we come to the New Testament. Beginning with the debauchery of the virgin Mary by a ghost from this same god and her dreams, a fabrication is built up lighter than air upon which millions of lives have been squared away. In vain hope of deriding the story of Jesus in the light of nature we denounce it as impossible. Children are not born without a father to beget them. If a virgin did give birth to a child with no knowledge of a natural father, it is not reasonable. Matthew and Luke both trace the lineage of Jesus through Joseph. If Joseph is his daddy then god is not. If Joseph is not his father then Matthew and Luke are both liars and Jesus is not a descendant of the house of David and so is not the "Messiah."

How the birth of Jesus could be heralded as "good news" is a proposition that I am not able to explain, since the words of Jesus himself is to the contrary. He says, "don't think that I come to send peace on earth." I'm not come to bring peace, but division and a sword, and then he goes to work and is not satisfied till every member of the family is at variance with every other member.

He divides them up and then damns them because they can't. Jesus is strictly complied with there is envy, hatred, strife, wars and bloodshed. "He that cometh unto me" without hatred for all his kindreds and himself "can do me my job." And it won't do to be too good for fear of being universally spoken well of. Woe is pronounced upon that man who is generally spoken well of. To be a christian in the strict sense of the word is an advocate of his commission, one must be out of harmony with all human creation with a heart full of hatred for father, mother, brothers, and sisters and what we might style regular devil. Ministers tell us that these passages of scripture do not mean just what they plainly say and then go on to quote other passages to prove it.

This way of having to use one half of the book to prove that the other half don't mean what they say is a waste of time and energy.

When one bible writer says he has seen god face to face and talked with him and then another one gives it the lie and says that "no man hath seen god at any time" it makes me think that it might be possible that one of them has lied.

When one writer asserts that Enoch and Elijah have both ascended to heaven alive and later another says that "no man hath ascended to heaven" I can't help believing that some one has lied.

If the story of redemption was literally true then we might have cause to arise and call him blessed, but it is absolutely false and I can prove from the bible itself that there has never been a soul to enter the kingdom of heaven through the merits of Jesus. He does not save. He can't answer prayer.

I've heard men testify that they have prayed and begged daily upon bended knees for twenty years before their prayers were answered. The same men would have gotten answers sooner if they had answered them themselves. I know these things from personal experience.

Orthodoxy condemns those who crucified Jesus but from the standpoint of the bible itself those who were personally responsible for his death are a thousand times greater benefactors than Jesus.

Those who, through fear of hell, are restrained from doing evil are doing good through a selfish policy.

To do good for the sake of humanity is sufficient but to do good just simply for the sake of Jesus who never did any good and probably never in reality existed is a perversion of nature, common sense and reason.

If the bible is true there is positively no need of a devil. God is bad enough.

J. MARSHALL SMITH.
Woodlawn, Ala.

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ONE THING YOU CAN'T DO.

You can laugh when trouble hits you. You can smile when clouds appear. You can grin when worry gets you. And when disappointment's near; You can be a cheerful soul. But you cannot keep on laughing When the boat begins to pitch.

You can bear up under sorrow. You can calmly shoulder woe. All through the darkest night. Will your visage ever show? You may hide all sign of weakness. Though your hopes are in the ditch; But you cannot hide your feelings When the boat begins to roll.

Let the cheer-up poets tell you To preserve a cheerful face, And to smile at all your troubles. And to never show a trace Of the petty griefs that fret you; But you'll lose your self-control. And you will not smile, I'll bet you. When the boat begins to roll.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



Ivington Bootshine—How is it you have changed your name by producing the "Midsummer Night's Dream" instead of a "Winter's Tale"?

Manager Hardluck—Well, you see, I thought the last named play sounded too much like a frost.

Neighbors Can't Sleep. If married couples must fuss and fight And still kick up a hubbub. They should at least keep quiet at night Or move out to a dacha.

Cause of His Coolness. Edith—I wonder what caused Mr. Mumm's coolness toward Helen? Either—I heard it was caused by Helen's former fiance, Mr. Flowers, and her carelessness in using capitals. Edith—I don't understand.

Edith—Why, Mr. Mumm sent Helen a bouquet for her birthday and in her note of thanks she wrote that she "just loved Flowers."

Needed Polishing. "Life," said the pessimist, "is a dreadful bore. I don't know what happiness is."

"Life is all right," rejoined the optimistic man, "if you only look upon the bright side of it."

"But my life has no bright side," protested the other.

"Then," said the optimist, "get busy and polish up one of the dark sides."

Where He Drew the Line. The Illinois World says that an old doctor near that place told one of his country patients that he was not eating right; he must eat more of all kind of animal foods. When he made the next visit he asked the patient how he had progressed with the animal food. "Well," said he, "I got along pretty well with corn and oats, but, doctor, I just cannot eat hay."

NOT THAT KIND OF A MAN.



"Are you dining anywhere tonight?" "Sure. Do you think I'm one of those physical culture one-meal-a-day fellows?"

Satisfied. A western poet said: A love song for a ham! He may be criticised for that But he won't care as very much.

Suburban News. "Great excitement out in our subdivision."

"About what?" "One of my early tomato vines has produced a small knob which is said to be a tomato by experts that we have called in."

Looked the Part. Mistress (proudly)—My husband, Bridget, is a colonel in the militia. Bridget—I thought as much, ma'am. Sure, I've 'till four malicious lads has ma'am—TH-His.

Half-and-Half. "I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."

"Well, I'm in half-mourning, that's why."—Filigree Blatter.

ALMOST BLEW HIM UP.

Everything was quiet in the little cigar store when the old farmer rushed in and brought his umbrella down on the showcase with a whack that almost broke the glass.

"What was-a-ye shrimpin'?" he shouted. "You wased out by sellin' me a loaded cigar? I lit it and blamed if a puff of flame didn't leap out and set my hair afire."

The clerk arose and rubbed his eyes. "A loaded cigar?" he echoed in astonishment. "Why, my dear sir, we don't sell loaded cigars."

"Well, you sold me this one, because here are the pieces."

And then the clerk had to laugh. "You insisted upon paying 50 cents for a good cigar, didn't you?"

"I did, young man."

"Well, the 50-cent cigars always come in an air-proof celluloid tube and you must have lit the cigar without removing the tube. Here's another one without the tube. Smoke it on me, sir."

Forestalled. Mrs. Tabbyshaw (seating herself comfortably for one of her long telephone visits)—Now let me have main 41,44.

Central—You can't have the wire this afternoon.

Mrs. Tabbyshaw (indignant)—Why not?

Central—You know it is a two-party line?

Mrs. Tabbyshaw—What if it is?

Central—Why, the other lady has spoken for it.

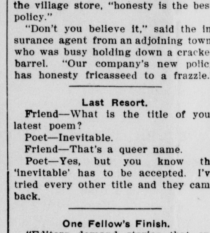
Generous Manners. McDowdenny—Why did Scrubby give his wife a gold present on their silver anniversary?

McFenny—He wanted to kill two birds with one stone.

McDowdenny—Two birds with one stone?

McFenny—He wanted to insinuate that his 25 years of married life seemed like 50 to him; and he wanted his wife to praise him for his generosity.

AN INSINUATION.



Miss Hasbeen—At the fancy dress ball I wore a costume of the Civil war period.

Miss Cutting—One of your school-girl dresses, I presume.

A Modern Diogenes. "I've hunted far and near," he sighed. "With all my heart and soul, but never have I as yet espied An honest load of coal."

Strenuous Opposition. "After all," remarked the bewhiskered old farmer to the audience in the village store, "honesty is the best policy."

"Don't you believe it," said the insurance agent from an adjoining town, who was busy holding down a cracker barrel. "Our company's new policy has honesty fricasseed to a frazzle."

Last Resort. Friend—What is the title of your latest poem?

Poet—Invitable. Friend—That's a queer name. Poet—Yes, but you know the "Invitable" has to be accepted. I've tried every other title and they came back.

One Fellow's Finish. "Editors demand stories that end happily. Perhaps that accounts for your lack of success."

"Possibly," replied the young author, with a rather sickly smile. "All mine have a sad ending—they go into the waste basket."—Yale Record.

DECLARED OFF.

"When can you spare the time for our marriage, Marion?" the betrothed man asked.

The woman consulted her engagement book. "Three o'clock next Friday afternoon," she replied.

"Oh, that will be out of the question," he cried protesting. "There's a special meeting of the Giltier Gold company that I must attend at that time."

"Well, it's the only time I have," she told him with an air of easy resignation. "Every other hour for the next two years is filled up."

The man jerked his shoulder irritably. "I guess we'll have to call our little matter off, then," he said.

It seems to be inevitable," she agreed, indifferently.

And so they parted, for with some people marriage is but an incident, and an incident is, of course, too trivial to deserve the sacrifice of an event.

An Experienced Man. "How do you conquer your elephant when he goes on a rampage?" I asked the menagerie proprietor.

"We avail ourselves of an experienced baggage man," he replied.

"An experienced baggage man?" I repeated with wonderment.

"Yes," he explained patiently, although it was evident that he was nettled by my stupidity, "we get a man who knows how to smash trunks."

Practical Experience. The old farmer, equipped with the tools of his trade, was busy near the road.

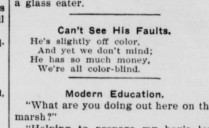
"What have you growing in that field," asked the innocent passer-by.

"Weeds," answered the granger.

"But why are you cultivating weeds?" queried the other.

"Because," replied the man behind the hoe, "after years of experience I am convinced that is the only way to exterminate them."

A PRECAUTION.



First Bellboy—I sees y'or always takes a silver cup ter room 17. Must be a swell barber, ain't he?

Second Bellboy—No, he ain't. If I hadn't done dat dere wouldn't be a goblet left in de house. Dat man's a glass eater.

Can't See His Faults. He's slightly off color. And yet we don't mind; He has so much money. We're all color-blind.

Modern Education. "What are you doing out here on the marsh?"

"Helping to prepare my boy's lessons."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"He is studying natural history, and I have a bull for him to take to school."

Clipboard for Reference. "I say, old chap," said the first informant, who occasionally gets some of his work in print, "that was a clever joke of yours in Blank's magazine this month. I wish I had written it."

"Well, don't worry because you didn't," replied the other. "You probably will write it some day."

Too Small for Use. "Unnatural," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "it is just as I suspected."

"How is that?" queried the student. "A woman's handkerchiefs are only for show," answered the t. t.

A Leaf From Her Past. "What a remarkably penetrating voice Mrs. De Plush has!"

"Yes, that's an inheritance from her father."

"Eh?"

"He used to call carriages at the theater."

Wouldn't Work. Teast—"What story did you give your wife for not writing?"

Crismoneak—"That my fountain pen wouldn't work."

"And wouldn't it work?"

"The story?" No!—"Yonkers Statesman."

The Chance of His Life. "Is Opportunity masculine or feminine?"

"Feminine when a man marries a rich woman."

No Blarney For Bridget. Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best husbands.

Cook—Ah! Go on wid yer blarney!

Protests Against Placing Bibles in Minneapolis Hotels

Is it possible in this enlightened scientific age that men will subscribe to a movement to disgrace the rooms of the hotels of Minneapolis at the solicitation of a band of men who have been bawling "Gideon" and basing their name on a ridiculous and unnatural story found in this book of Hebrew mythology, a statement of weakness, hot anger, murders, treachery, and suggestion, and a lie, and put it in small space, in a so called journal it is clearly shown that this Hebrew "Lord" could not even govern his own "chosen people" also when in partnership with "his god," and that, indeed, the firm could not drive out (which they wanted) to the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron. (Judges 1:19. Then the following chapters are devoted to the story of "his god" who was "hot" as also murders and treachery of the most abominable kind, until we come to this man Gideon, who practically said unto this god, if you will perform a certain miracle, I will serve you. And the trick was performed but did not satisfy Gideon. For he said to this god: "Let not thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once, and thou shalt answer me." And he said to him, to make the fleece wet, but to make it dry this time, a piece of legend remain this god acceded to. (Judges 6:36 to 40.) This shows he must have thought his god him a prophet, and as usual in some of the commercial drummers sometimes are. In chapter 7 we find another childish story in choosing only those who imitated dogs by lapping up water from the brook, as usual in a hundred of them, who with their trumpets, lamps and pitchers, it is pretended that they slaughtered the Midianites and others numbering many thousands. But the real reason for the unpopularity of this egotistical story as follows:

Every person that accepts the Christian religion believes in god, and that he not only keeps Halley's comet a moving through the realms of infinite space at a speed of 100,000 miles an hour, but such large objects as the sun and moon, but he never collides with anything, but he superintends the minutest details of everything that occurs in an infinite universe, even finding time to visit the human beings head and to keep tab on all the falling sparrows. He decides when every individual shall be born, when and how he shall die, and no matter what occurs, except results as the expression of his will. With songs of joy they praise him for all blessings and benefits that come their way, and the clergy at such times sing the old lag from the pulpit—"God doeth all things well," and they try hard to believe it; but when personal misfortunes and natural calamities come thick and fast, they are unable to account for his actions in sending such things that they fall back on the time honored explanation, "God's ways are not our ways." Of course there is no sense in this, but by saying "God's will," something under the distressing circumstances which a god of infinite love has produced they do the best they can, and we get such fool talk from his apologists and the church, "God blesses the earth with bountiful crops and natural good no evil, it is an easy matter to believe god is good," but when the reverse prevails, and human lives are destroyed in such numbers, and such suffering is experienced by "god's children," whom he treats worse than a human fend would act, it is rather difficult to retain that belief if one does any thinking. They make up for their busy hunting for an explanation, and they profess to find it in the

South America in 1863, 10,000 in Brazil, 10,000 in Peru, Ecuador and Chile, 10,000 in 500 in Martinique; in 1906, 500 in Valpariso; in 1906, 1000 in San Francisco; in 1908, 100,000 in Southern Italy; and only last week 1800 more taken in Costa Rica. The people are so appalling and are such a person who gives them consolation must be driven further and further from the idea that nature's forces are controlled by intelligence. The people are delighted and planned and are excited; for to be a free man, one must renounce the use of reason and place himself in the category of the feeble minded; must enroll himself with the vast hordes who live in the realms of superstition and never do an elevated thing. The use of reason by a god idea must be repudiated, for such manifestations cannot be made to harmonize with it; so to love and worship such a being is one of the greatest inconsistencies that credulous humanity can entertain. The wholesale murderer who deliberately slaughters his own children can lay no claim to love or mercy, as his acts deserve only execution.

(Continued from Page 1).

are not on a Pauline basis. I also know of many very unhappy homes that are on a Pauline basis. In fact, most of the homes (?) in the slums are on a Pauline basis.

The writer knows nothing of the home life of Mr. Harvey, or whether he has a home, but if he has to use a slang phrase, I think it is safe to conclude that America contains no pippins.

The writer believes that the happiest American homes are to be found where there is a perfect equality between the husband and wife, where one is not the superior of the other, where no "big sticks" are to be found. In such a home the husband will be found spending his evening and "smoking his pipe in peace," while he listens to the intelligent and cheerful chatter of his wife and the fearless, kind and inquisitive chatter of his children—the coming Americans. No wife can ever do justice to her home and her family when she is kept on a Pauline basis; no woman can do justice to her life.

Faults in art, literature, the professions, or in business while she is under the Pauline yoke. While

Sidney Lanier says: "The finding of a good woman depends largely upon the kind of man who is looking for her." Alexander and Paul may not be able to find happy homes and good wives in America, but many an American man has done so, and there is not a finer descendant of the Darwinian monkey than is the American man!

(Continued on Page 3.)

Editor of the Blade—

Who made the devil and what for? are questions that naturally arise in the minds of thousands of thinking people.

The scriptures tell us that he was once a covering of glory, and that in language as holy angel, high in social circles in heaven, and "was perfect in all his ways;" but iniquity was found in him.

Where he got the "iniquity" is not revealed in the written word. I have written and said, "you can do nothing," so I suppose the devil had Jesus to back him up. God made the devil, so says the bible, and according to orthodox teaching the devil is the worst thing in existence. Then I have written and said, "I can possibly do so bad as what god has done. Who god is, where he is, who made him and what does he look like are questions I shall leave to fakirs and fairy-story writers to tackle. What I shall try to do in this article is to show from the bible record, that the devil is not a necessity to evil doing. In other words the alleged crimes of Lucifer are but a dim shadow compared with the evil doing of man."

First we are told that god made man just like himself in his "own image" and on one occasion, finding him asleep, performed a surgical operation upon his body, extracting a rib and clothed it with skin, and when the man was asleep and out of that rib he formed a beautiful helpmeet which Adam called "woman."

Whether God used morphine, chloroform, or any other narcotic to put Adam to sleep like many persons do now we know not, nor do we not know whether Adam ever discovered his shortage of one rib or not. I guess women are made differently now as we notice man in his full set of ribs on either side.

Another point we want to

The vile old strumpet of orthodox religion sits in the palaces and parlors of the world, and compels mankind to do her bidding and to pay her homage. By the perfect organization of her forces she dupes the masses, her political leaders and our so-called statesmen to become her panderers, procurers and tools for her infamous uses. This vile old hag intrudes herself at every birth, and at every death, at every marriage, and in out, schools with her dismal songs of superstition, and restrains her as she has done in other lands where unrestrained and opposed. She would make of our own fair Columbia a despotism like that of Russia or Spain. The Freethinkers actually outnumber the forces of superstition two to one, and yet they are so restrained and so easily guided by her land of priestly rule and tyranny. Ladies and gentlemen, let us organize and get busy.

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